

Mic slammed a large box full of many different types of food onto the grass. Taco looked inside, it was all there. Chips, seafood, chicken, rice, you name it! Along with a gallon of tea to boot. 'Where did you gather all of this from?' Taco spoke softly, a little impressed, just a little. 'Stole it,' Mic smiled, obviously proud. Taco clapped her hands together, 'Alright then! Good on you, Mic.' She upped herself onto a stump nearby, making it easier to maintain eye contact with the Microphone. She placed a hand on her leg, leaning forward as Mic reached into the box. It was feeding time.

Mic opened two bags of barbecue chips, digging her hand in, and pulling out a handful. Taco opened her mouth eagerly, red drool pouring out. Mic had to hide a blush as soon as she saw her teeth. Offering a handful of chips to her merciless jaw, Taco crunched down hard, swallowing the chips messily, licking her lips with her long, snake-like tongue. She grabbed Mic's hand and licked the flavour off, winking. 'Delicious, now fetch me more.'

Taco finished off both bags fast, with barely any signs of fullness, just a barely noticeable amount of pudge sticking out from her lower portion. Mic brushed a finger over the area, causing Taco to shiver as she was already beginning to turn soft. A red blush appeared on her cheeks as Mic reached for a crab leg. Mic held the greasy leg to Taco's mouth and it was quickly slurped up as Mic hastily reached an arm out for more. More legs were placed into Taco's mouth as she chewed them whilst humming. A large spoon was placed into the abundance of seafood, scooping out more to offer to the gluttonous Taco.

Many large and echoing gulps surpassed the ear of the Microphone, each ending a sensual jolt through her very core. Taco's abdomen ballooned out a small bit now as she picked out the flesh between her teeth. She seemed to consider her options for a moment before eagerly asking for more. Her belly seemed to growl eagerly as if to confirm it was still hungry. Mic blushed and grabbed a huge bento box to feed her next.

Taco's large tongue slithered from her mouth, twitching. Mic grabbed some chopped sticks and placed some rice into her maw. Taco swallowed it down eagerly, but asked if there was perhaps a faster way to eat this. Mic nodded a bit and emptied the remaining contents into Taco's drooling orifice. Taco moaned, putting a hand over her bulging gut. She then asked for the tea, having emptied out the remaining food. Microphone expressed relative concern, but Taco insisted. Mic reached for the jug with one hand, but while she did so Taco intertwined her fingers with the other, dragging it ever so closer to her maw. She suckled her fingers teasingly before nibbling a bit, causing Mic to jolt slightly.

Mic turned around, twisting the cap open and pulling her hand out of Taco's maw. Mic reached out for Taco's now soft cheeks and placed a kiss upon her lips, which was quickly exchanged for the opening of the gallon. The jug was hoisted upward, causing a surplus of delicious tea to come pouring down the throat of the Brit. Taco grasped Mic's left hand from the handle and placed it upon her throat, so that she could feel every bulge that traveled deep into her body.

Mic blushed rather deeply as with every gulp, her hand lifted up, and then down again. Finally, the jug was emptied as the last drops dripped off of the opening.

Mic dropped the jug next to her, wiping oil from her brow. A sigh escaped Taco's lips as she placed Mic's hand onto her doughy paunch. Mic's face flushed yellow as the utter warmth traveled through her fingertips. Taco sighed, what an utterly blissful feeling, over fullness. She licked any remaining flavour off her lips before being kissed by Mic once more. Her face flushed, seemingly surprised. She covered it with her hands.

Mic purred, grasping and squishing the fullest part of Taco's belly, it jiggled as she did so, evidently sloshing. It was so soft now, almost like a pancake. Mic was enamored. She grasped Taco's sides, lifting her from the stump and placing her into her lap, she was much heavier then she looked. Mic looked down at the small feedee, humming softly while rubbing her bloated tummy. Taco's face was as red as an apple. Her stomach released a large gurgle. She held a fist to her mouth as she released a loud belch, 'Excuse me.' She felt a little sick.

Mic held her up, Taco whined, her tummy really hurt. Kisses were planted on her soft cheeks, as a small tear escaped from her eye. Mic cooed as Taco practically begged for more rubs. Rubbing deeper, Taco's eyes fluttered lazily, eventually drifting off to sleep. Mic cuddled her close, yawning. Time for a nap.